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JAMES TOWN, ST. HELENA:
TAKEN FROM THE ANCHORAGE.

Sketched by E.T.C.

JAMES TOWN, ST. HELENA.

PROBABLY ere this Number meets the eye of the reader, the rock of St. Helena will have again become a scene of powerful interest—that of the disinterment of the remains of the once mighty general, NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE—to be entombed beneath the cupola of the Church of the Invalides, in Paris. In order that this purpose might be accomplished, the French government voted two millions of francs to defray the necessary expenses, and commissioned the King's son, Prince de Joinville, to proceed to St. Helena: accordingly, he sailed about the 10th of last June, with the Belle Poule, Favorite, and Papin steamer; and it is expected they will return to France about the end of next month.

Having been kindly favoured by a talented Correspondent with a View (taken off the island by himself) of James-Town, St. Helena, where the French vessels will receive their valued charge, we felt assured a faithful representation of so memorable a spot would be acceptable to our readers.

The following interesting particulars are also by the gentleman who furnished the drawing:—

"Monday, May 2.—Moderate trade and cloudy weather. Down maintop-gallant-mast, and set up the new one. Painting outside of the ship.

Latitude . . 16. 48 South.
Longitude . . 4. 09 West.
Run . . . 154 miles.
Barometer . . 30. 16.
Thermometer 74.
Pumped ship, 8 inches.

At 8 P.M. in all studding-sails. At 11. 30. saw the island of St. Helena, the body of it bearing N.W.—At $\frac{1}{4}$ past 2, while rounding the Sugar-Loaf Point, a battery on the summit fired a gun; continued our course, when a shot from the same battery struck under the ship's stern: lowered our topsails, and sent a boat to the Point; made sail again, when another shot struck astern, and blue lights were shown on the summits of the various rocks. Run on; the tiller ropes gave way, and the ship nearly became unmanageable; let go the anchor in James's Bay, in 8 fathoms, between a French barque and an American brig, upon which the firing ceased. The church bearing south $\frac{1}{4}$ west, and Sugar-Loaf Point N.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. Furled sails, and down royal yards; signals still passing along the heights with great rapidity. At 3 A.M. a boat came alongside, and ordered the ship not to have any communication with the shore, or with any other vessel. Fine moon; the island bearing a very bold aspect.

Run from the Cape . . 1,856 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
Madras . . . 7,499 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Calcutta . . . 8,252 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Rangoon and Martaban 9,052 do."

In such language does my log-book describe my introduction to St. Helena, when returning

to England from the Burman country, with a corps which had completed its long and dismal banishment (in military parlance termed "service") of twenty years in the East. After a two hours' nap, I took my customary station on one of the poop hen-coops, and had completed a sketch of the town and batteries immediately in our front, and had more than once been called upon by some of our fair companions to tell of the exciting events of the earlier part of the morning, before the inspector of health came on board. By six o'clock the white flag, the signal of health, was flying at the mast-head, and the passengers had permission to disembark. The long-talked-of removal of Napoleon's remains assuming at length the air of reality, and public interest in the island of St. Helena being again awakened, I will not hurry my readers ashore with the same rapidity with which I sprang into the first boat that came alongside immediately the inspecting-officer had taken his departure, but will describe the external appearance of the island more minutely than in the scanty entries in my log-book. The island is about three leagues in length, running nearly N.E. and S.W.; of oblong or circular form; and about twenty-six or twenty-seven miles in circumference. It very evidently appears to have been formed by subterraneous fires, and forced upwards from the ocean: the abrupt ridges and chasms into which it is split, seem to prove this origin; and the effects of amalgamation by fire are visible from the summits of the hills to the cavities formed by the abrasion of the surge of the sea at the water's edge. I know no place which bears so singularly bold and menacing an appearance as St. Helena, when viewed from the deck of a vessel rounding the point which forms the eastern side of the harbour; the rugged rocks, starting abruptly and precipitously out of the sea to the height of 800 feet, are crowned by forts and signal-posts; and advantage appears to have been taken of every broken spot in the steep declivity, where by any possibility a battery could be perched. The first point which vessels, coming from the eastward, round, is a pyramidal hill, called "The Sugar-Loaf," with a signal-post upon it; at the base of this hill there are three batteries, at a small distance from each other, called "Buttermilk," and "Banks' Upper" and "Lower Batteries." A little to the S.W. of them, "Rupert's Battery," at the bottom of the valley of that name, appears, Munden's Point dividing it from James' or Chapel Valley, where the town (the only one on the island) is situated. On Munden's Point there is a fort of the same name; and several guns, placed on the heights over it, command the N.E. side of James' Valley, and the anchorage. The sea-face of James-Town is protected by a wall, and strong line of heavy ordnance, while the S.W. side of the harbour is secured by the forts and batteries on "Ladder Hill," so called from the summit being gained by a ladder of 671

steps; provisions, ammunition, &c., are drawn up an inclined railway by machinery within the fort on the summit, while more timid people, and those who have not strength to attempt the ladder, may toil up the long zig-zag horse-road which has been formed in the side of the Promontory. Immediately under the Fort, on Ladder Hill, a ledge of rock is occupied by a heavy battery, and a similar one is placed over the landing-place at the eastern side of the town. The platform for this last, has been hewn out of the solid rock, and overhangs the water to such a degree, that access can only be gained to it from above. Sandy Bay, on the south side of the island, where boats might land in calm weather, is guarded by another strong battery; and guns are placed on the heights over every spot where there is the most distant possibility of the surf being crossed. To complete the arrangements against foreign invasion, a continuous chain of signal-posts, communicating with the Castle, is established throughout the island. When a ship is first descried in the offing, a gun is fired at the post where she is seen; if more than two appear, a "general alarm" is beat, and every male takes the post assigned him. The regular troops, at the time of which I speak, did not exceed 1,200, and the inhabitants numbered about 1,000: since the expiration of the East India Company's charter, and the British government receiving over the island of St. Helena, the number of the former has been considerably reduced, and the troops of the line stationed there, consist merely of a detachment from one of the regiments at the Cape.

During the period of Napoleon's residence on the island, the frigates on the station performing their daily cruise round it with all the monotony and regularity of clock-work, and their row-boats watching every inlet by night, rendered assurance doubly sure, and it seemed doubtful whether a water-rat even could have landed without a passport from the watchful governor. When the vast importance of St. Helena is considered to a mercantile nation like the British, (the India fleet on its homeward-bound voyage in a great measure depending upon it for laying in their stock of water,) the precautions against foreign invasion appear no more than necessary, as an enemy's fleet might run up before the trade-wind, and appear off the island before the garrison had even heard that war had been proclaimed. Horsburgh, the navigator, says, "All ships, coming in from the eastward, heave-to before they pass Sugar-Loaf Hill, and send a boat with an officer to report them. The boat is generally hailed from the battery at Sugar-Loaf Point, but she must proceed to James-Town to give the governor information before the ship be permitted to proceed, or pass the first battery at the Sugar-Loaf. Ships of war, and all others, must observe this precaution, or the batteries

will open upon them, and shut them out from the anchorage, which is well defended by the forts and batteries around." The heavy gusts which always sweep down the valleys towards the sea in such mountainous islands as St. Helena, formed our only excuse for the disobedience of such plain and positive directions as the foregoing; and on the night in question we were under the necessity of hugging the land very close to make good our anchorage in the Bay; and the delay of heaving-to would have driven us off too far to leeward, that we should have been unable to beat up again to the island without very serious loss of time. Having been driven out of Table Bay by a violent storm, and before we had completed our watering, the governor, Sir R. Dallas, accepted the apology with which our captain waited upon him. Vessels run so close under the Sugar-Loaf Battery, that the artillerymen literally look down upon the decks, and from constant practice at floating butts they have become most dexterous marksmen. A portion of the guns, like those at Gibraltar and Quebec, are placed upon a swivel, so as to admit of the shot being plunged or sent perpendicularly downward upon any object. Europe being at this time in an unsettled state, the islanders were thrown into considerable alarm by the heavy firing; and we were subsequently informed, that the coloured signals which so rapidly passed from battery to battery, were, "Shall we fire into her!" Fortunately for us the governor happened to be at Plantation House, five miles distant from James-Town, and the few minutes which elapsed in receiving his reply, saved us from receiving the concentrated fire of some 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, as by the time his brief "yes" was received at the batteries, we had stowed ourselves so snugly between Mounseer and Brother Jonathan, that even St. Helena marksmen could not have picked us out without showering some of the compliments intended for us upon our neighbours. We were not the first who had of late so rashly run the gauntlet; Captain ——— thought it would be a good joke to "*steal past*," but his vessel received such a riddling before her topsails were lowered, that she was with difficulty kept afloat.

James-Town, cramped in as it is by hills, and running in a long strip up the valley backwards from the Bay, makes but little show from the anchorage, the principal features being Ladder-Hill Battery, the Church, the Governor's House, and the Wall and Water Battery; while the back-ground is formed by Diana's Peak, which rises to the height of 2,200 feet, and the high lands in the vicinity of Plantation House. Without any stretch of fancy or imagination, the town appears to be threatened with as melancholy a fate as Pompeii or Herculaneum, by the impending rocky crags: in many places vast portions of rock have been underbuilt, so as to prevent their falling and crushing the

houses beneath ; while in other places excavations have been made at the base of the hills, in order to gain building ground ; and one man is seen busily employed creating the danger which his neighbour is so anxiously striving to avoid. Notwithstanding the town lies on the lee side of the island, there is sufficient surf to render the landing-place a very indifferent one ; nor has any effort been made to improve it, by throwing out a quay or pier for the accommodation of the numerous visitors en route from India to England ; the boatmen merely back their boat to the edge of some rocks which jut out into the water to the eastward of the town, and the passengers leap ashore whenever a fair opportunity offers : this, the retiring swell renders rather a nice manoeuvre.

As our boat quitted the ship for the shore, a salute of nineteen guns, fired over our heads from Ladder-Hill in compliment to one of our passengers, had a very fine effect. We entered the town over a drawbridge, and continuing 200 or 300 paces along the Water Battery, passed under an arched gateway, with an officer's guard stationed at it, and proceeded up the principal street. The valley is too narrow to admit of more than a single main street, which runs parallel with the hills ; the houses in it are neatly built, and there are several good shops, where, as might be supposed, every article is exorbitantly dear. In the upper part of the town there is a long esplanade, between two rows of trees, and a square, with the infantry barracks : the Governor's house and gardens are on the sea-front of the town, and immediately in rear of the Water Battery. But previous to attempting any thing in the lionizing way, we looked out for something substantial, and soon found our way into Solomon's lodging-house.

[Our intelligent Correspondent proposes to furnish another engraving, with description ; which we hope shortly to lay before the reader.]

THE MOTHERLESS.

(For the Mirror.)

SHE never knew a mother's love,
Or hailed a mother's voice ;
She'll never feel a mother's praise,
Make every pulse rejoice ;
Though friends around her path may vie,
Their sympathy to prove,
She'll never meet a mother's eye,
Or share a mother's love.
She nestled on her mother's breast,
But could not know the grief
That swelled within that place of rest,
So gentle and so brief ;
The bitter tear that slowly fell,
Her slumbering child above,
The agony that could not tell
A dying parent's love.
This world has many a grief to bear,
And many a hope to mourn,
But pity's hand will strive from her,
Its gathering thorns to turn,
And wipe the tear drop from her eye,
And soothe her grief's awhile,
Whose childish sorrows may not fly
Before a mother's smile.

MARIA R.—

THE SUMMER SUN.

(For the Mirror.)

How sweet to breathe the balmy air,
And lift the heart in praise and pray'r
To God, who made the day and night,
The Heavens and that blessed orb of light,
The Summer Sun.

Who can be sad when Nature's gay,
When fields, and woods, and groves display,
The splendour and the beaming love
Of Him who reigns in light, above
The Summer Sun ?

The golden gates of glory, see,
Are now unfolded ! vast and free
Survams the full blaze of lustrous light,
In rays refulgent from the bright—
The Summer Sun.

Music floats on the swelling gale ;
The lark's rich song fills all the vale ;
Warbling his praise, he soars away,
And blesses with his ardent lay,
The Summer Sun.

This scene, an emblem bright portrays,
Of that blessed source of light, whose rays
Diffuse sweet peace in Christian hearts,
Whilst o'er the fair creation darts
The Summer Sun.

Thou "Sun of Righteousness, arise !"
Send forth Thy beams o'er earth and skies :
Inspire our souls with heavenly love,
That we, at last, may soar above
The Summer Sun.

Mansfield. W. HANDY, Jun.

THE WORM.

(For the Mirror.)

AYE, spurn the foul worm aside,
So noisome, and cold, and vile,
Yet bethink thee, man, in thy scorn and pride,
Thou art but a worm the while !

Yes, look at the chrysalis—
So cold and stiff and stark,
Thou wilt soon, O man, be as cold as this,
And shut in a grave as dark !

But watch the gay butterfly—
So blithesome, and bright, and brave,
Wilt thou, like the butterfly, hew'ward lie,
When thou burstest, like him, thy grave ?

E. M.

SPANISH PHILOSOPHY.

"THE day after my arrival," says a recent traveller, "at Vittoria, I went to a shoemaker's to get some repairs done to my boots.

"There was nobody in the shop—the master was on the opposite side of the street, smoking his cigarito.

"His shoulders were covered with a mantle, full of holes. He looked like a beggar, but a Spanish beggar, rather appearing proud, than ashamed, of his poverty.

"He came over to me, and I explained my business.

"Wait a moment," said he, and immediately called his wife.

"How much money is there in the purse ?"
"Twelve picettas." (fourteen francs, forty centimes.)

"Then I shan't work."

"But," said I, "twelve picettas will not last for ever."

"WHO HAS SEEN TO-MORROW ?" said he, turning his back on me."

WOLKENBURG ;

OR, THE CASTLE OF CLOUDS.

It was a warm summer's day; the sky was bright and cloudless, and all nature cheerful, when a knight rode leisurely along the road that wound under the Drachenfels, beside the banks of the Rhine. From the nature of his arms and accoutrements it was evident that he had returned from the crusades, which at that time occupied the attention of the principal European states; from the tired walk of his panting steed it was further made clear that they had journeyed that day far and fast, and that the knight, whom we now introduce as the Baron of Ehrenbach, wanted the power, and not the will to continue his journey at the same rapid pace.

What thoughts were passing in the Baron's mind may easily be conjectured when the reader hears, that he had been called suddenly to the crusades, and was now returning as unexpectedly as he had departed to claim her as his bride whom he had left with a heavy heart, and who, during his absence, had dwelt in his castle under the protection of his sister, the Countess Amina.

The baron, then, was occupied with such thoughts as these circumstances would suggest, when he looked up from his reverie, and sought the castle which contained his Anna—his expected bride. The mountain on which the Castle of Ehrenbach was built, he could readily perceive, bathed, as it was, in the rays of an afternoon sun—but the castle itself was shrouded by thick clouds!

This circumstance naturally excited the surprise of the crusader; but it is necessary that we should now leave him for a time to learn what we can of the events that had taken place during his absence.

No sooner had the Baron of Ehrenbach left his own territory, than his sister, whom he had left to rule in his absence, commenced the exercise of her power, by dismissing from the castle every one of the domestics. For this arbitrary act no cause was assigned, and when the faithful servants of the baron, thus cast away, came amongst the villagers, the hatred which they had always cherished against the Countess Amina rose to its utmost; every individual of the baron's vassals vowed that should he be elected to any of the places thus rendered vacant, he would resolutely refuse to serve, and the whole village was in a turmoil, expecting the consequence of the lady's wrath—but their resolution was not tested—the places of the dismissed retainers were not filled! This caused fresh wonderment. The Countess Amina and the Lady Anna were the only inhabitants of the castle! Was it possible that they performed for themselves the necessary menial offices! The baron's sister was too proud, his lady-love far, far too gentle;—but it was at length decided that gentleness gave way to pride, and that the Lady Anna acted as the servant of the Countess Amina.

Shortly after this, the castle afforded the vassals of Ehrenbach fresh cause for amazement—thick clouds were seen to gather round it, and constantly to remain there; and, although the provisions the castle was known to have contained must by this time have been exhausted, no fresh supplies were asked or given. Nothing could account for this, except the belief that the Countess Amina was making some use (and, if any, without doubt, an evil one) of the black arts in which she was known to be a proficient. Fears were entertained on behalf of the Lady Anna, and the villagers, amongst whom she was very popular, determined to go up to the castle, and do what they could on her behalf. Accordingly, they marched up the sides of the mountain, plunged into the clouds at its summit, and again, after a time, emerged—but it was on the same side from which they entered them!—again and again they made the attempt, but still with the same result; at last they gave up their fruitless enterprise and returned to the village. Thenceforth, the mountain and castle were known by no other name than the Wolkenberg, or Castle of Clouds.

Return we now to the baron; he had scarcely recovered from his surprise, and found means to account for the singular appearance which he witnessed, when a strange figure stood in his path! it was that of an old man, whose long white beard flowed over a dark loose robe that completely covered him. The knight instinctively stopped, and was about to address him, when he made signs that demanded silence. Seeing that the baron obeyed his gestures—"Baron of Ehrenbach," said he, "be not surprised that I should know you, that which I am about to unfold is still more marvellous, and it affects you nearly. Amina, thy sister, now practices the sorcery which her whole life has been spent in studying—yon clouds are of her raising. She loves neither thee nor thy affianced bride, whom she would wed to another. The Lady Anna is true and therefore suffers—during one hour in the day, and one hour only, the sorceress sleeps—for that time her charms are at the control of the Baron of Ehrenbach and of none but him—it is the hour after midnight—then, if thou goest to the castle, thou hast but to speak, and all thou askest yields before thee. If thou delayest beyond the hour, thou art lost."

"I will save her this night," cried Ehrenbach.

The old man made a motion of satisfaction, and the baron saw him no more.

At midnight the baron hastily ascended the mountain, the night was bright and clear; as the old man had prophesied, at his word the clouds vanished, and the doors, closed by magic art, opened at his touch; he reached the chamber where the Lady Anna was confined; the hour was almost up, he dragged her hurriedly out of the castle, and then, commanding that fire should consume the scene of his sia-

ter's wickedness, saw it immediately wrapt in flames. The fire was potent, for the hour was not completed until the castle was entirely consumed; standing on its ruins, the baron fancied he saw the form of the old man grasping his struggling sister; he turned away, and, bearing with him the Lady Anna, now almost lifeless, hastened to the village; here he was no sooner known, than he was greeted cordially by his rejoicing vassals, and, if it were possible, still more did they rejoice, when, soon after, the baron and his lovely bride sat among them at the wedding-feast.

The site of the baron's castle thus destroyed is still called the Wolkenburg, but the Knight of Ehrenbach chose not again to reside on a spot so unhallowed;—another and statelier castle soon rose, with the assistance of friendly vassals, on a neighbouring eminence, in which the knight and his lady lived long and happily.

Of Amina and the old man no more was heard, although the baron long sought the latter to reward his services, and inquire into the sources of his mysterious information.

H. A. L.

SHOE BUCKLES.

THEIR INTRODUCTION AND DISUSE.

IN the time of Henry VII., an act of parliament was passed, interdicting, among other things, (to preserve the monopoly to our country,) the importation of, by "merchaunt strangers," "into the realm of Yngland to be soules, any bokelles, . . . clothes for gloves . . . bokelles for shoyes," (shoes,) &c. This tended to keep foreigners in the out-parts, and to encourage trade at home.

This article, of very ancient use in our country, and the manufacture of which contributed largely to the employment of Warwickshire ingenuity during the last century, is now almost forgotten.

Insignificant as it may seem at the present day, the time was, when almost every shod foot in the kingdom was dependent on the buckle for its garniture.

A writer, characterized for his quaintness,* thus discourses upon the shoe-buckles of old time.

"This fashion, (of piked toes,) like every other, gave way to time, and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot; which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full-blown rose. Ribands of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were had in esteem; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held pre-eminence.

"Under the house of Stuart, the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoe-string. The beans of that age ornamented the lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal.

* Hutton, Hist. of Birmingham.

The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather; which last is to be met with in the humble plains of rural life.

"The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse-bean. This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing—the fashion of to-day is thrown into the casting-pot to-morrow."

The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size, and shape of geometrical invention. It has passed through every form in the whole zodiac of Euclid.

In 1781, the large square buckle, plaited with silver, was the *ton*. The ladies also adopted the reigning taste; "it was difficult," says Hutton, "to discover their beautiful little feet, covered with an enormous shield of buckle, and we wondered to see the active motion under the massive load." Thus the British fair of that time, killed by the weight of metal.

The change of fashion that ensued was disastrous to a large class of ingenious artisans, who were compelled to suffer, though not in silence, the loss of their usual employment.

In 1791, a deputation of master buckle-makers, from Birmingham, Walsal, and Wolverhampton, waited upon the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George IV.,) at Carlton House. The object of their audience was to present a petition, setting forth the distressed situation of thousands of individuals, in the different branches of the buckle manufacture, in consequence of the fashion then prevalent of wearing strings. His Royal Highness received the petitioners very graciously, and, as a proof of his sympathy, not only resolved to wear buckles himself, but to order that his household should do the same. But the royal example, and the royal command, were alike nugatory, when opposed to the dominion of fashion:—strings became general.

In 1812, to adopt the words of Hutton, "the whole generation of fashions in the buckle line was extinct; a buckle was not to be found on a female foot, nor upon any foot except that of old age."

During the last period above-mentioned, Bolsover, in Derbyshire, now only noted for its castle, was famous for the manufacture of superior steel buckles.

The test of their excellent temper, still traditionally reported in the neighbourhood, was, that though the wheel of a loaded cart should pass over a Bolsover buckle, the latter, in consequence of its elasticity, would not suffer any permanent alteration of shape.

Metal clasps, formerly so common for fastening the shoes of children, seem, in their disappearance, to have followed the buckles of the men and women, as they are now rarely to be met with. What, however, does remain of the shoe-buckle and clasp trade, is mostly confined to Walsal.

ESTIMATE OF

PATERNAL DUTIES IN CHINA.

THE following list of merits and errors, relating to the conduct of females, is extracted from a Chinese work, entitled, "*Merits and Demerits Scrutinized*." The person addressed is the husband, or head of the family; and, as he possesses authority over the females of his house, he is considered answerable for their merits or errors.

MERITS.

To guard the female apartments with rigor for one day, one rate of merit; to teach females with a mild and cheerful countenance, for each time, one rate of merit; to cause them to curb their tempers and dispositions for ten days running, one rate of merit; to cause them to reform their errors—namely, want of filial piety, quarrelsomeness, and ill-nature; for each evil reformed, one rate of merit; to put a stop to their scolding, for a month, one rate of merit; to teach them to be careful and cleanly in the kitchen, for each day, one rate of merit; to teach them to attend to family affairs, spinning, weaving, etc., for each day, one rate of merit; to teach them cheerfully to work, and not to put their labour upon their sisters-in-law, for each day, one rate of merit; to hinder them from gadding to see plays acted, for each instance, five rates of merit; to hinder them from going to temples to burn incense, for each instance, five rates of merit; to teach them to be humane and kind to female slaves, for each instance, twenty rates of merit; to teach them to be dutiful to their father and mother-in-law, for each instance, fifty rates of merit; to teach them to agree with their sisters-in-law, for each instance, fifty rates of merit; to teach wives and concubines not to be jealous of each other, for each instance, fifty rates of merit; to teach them to be benevolent and virtuous, for each instance, one hundred rates of merit.

ERRORS.

Not to keep the female apartments in rigorous seclusion, for one day, one rate of error; to allow the women to lay long in bed of a morning, to be lazy, to steal rest, and to neglect their work, for one day, one rate of error; to suffer a second wife to maltreat the children of the former wife, for one day, one rate of error; to suffer them to keep the bowls and plates in a filthy state, and to cook the food in dirty style, for one day, one rate of error; to forbear to do a proper thing because the wife or concubines oppose it, for each instance, one rate of error; to suffer the women to commit their own proper work, to their sisters-in-law, from an unwillingness to work, for every day, two rates of error; to allow them to scold, for every day, five rates of error; to beat and oppress wives or concubines, for each instance, five rates of error; to allow them to ramble to see plays and comedies, for each instance, ten rates of error;

to allow them to go and worship in the temples, for each instance, ten rates of error; to suffer them to be hard upon the female slaves, for each instance, thirty rates of error; to use inhuman punishments; namely, pinching, burning the skin, tearing out the hair, etc., in correcting wives and concubines, for each instance, fifty rates of error; to allow them to neglect their duty to their father and mother-in-law, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; to allow them to quarrel with their sisters-in-law, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; to be partial in his love and favours to them, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; when rich, to cast off the wife, whom he espoused while poor, for each instance, one hundred rates of error; when a husband suffers a wife to disgrace and rule over him, for each instance, one hundred rates of error.

W. G. C.

Arts and Sciences.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

It is worthy of remark, that the proportions of the British Queen steam-ship, the last great effort of marine architecture that has interested the world, are exactly those of Noah's Ark, the first that was set afloat, proving that 4,000 years of practical science has done nothing to improve the dimensions of floating boats, first given by the Great Builder of the universe; and if the critical character of these proportions be duly considered, it may afford an evidence of the truth of the Scripture narrative. The breadth of the Ark was one-sixth of the length; the depth thereof one-tenth of the length. The British Queen is 40ft. 6in. wide; stem to stern-post 243ft. aloft, whole depth 29, making the square depth 24ft. 6in. The Ark was twice as long as the Queen.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

A NEW MACHINE FOR CALICO PRINTING, MAY be witnessed at Mr. Houtson's works in Minshall-street, Manchester, exhibiting a very important improvement in calico printing, and calculated, we conceive, to produce a vast change in this important branch of trade. One of the modes in work (for the invention is of a twofold character) is applicable to cylinder and surface printing—the other to surface printing only, each admitting of a considerable saving in the outlay, which at present is necessarily great, in the purchase of copper cylinders and surface rollers, as by these inventions an almost unlimited number of colours may be printed by one operation of a printing machine, and those colours in positions extensively variable. We are informed that these improvements may be introduced into the printing machines now in use. For this important invention we understand the public are indebted to the ingenuity of a Mr. J. M. Chapier (a Frenchman) and it is patented by a Mr. Beard, of London.

MURILLO, VELASQUEZ, AND ZURBARAN.

THE three painters whose names have immortalized the Spanish school,* are Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran. The first was born in 1618, in Seville; the second in 1599, in the same city; and the third, in the village of Fuente de Cantos, in Extremadura, in 1598. They were, therefore, contemporaries, and all lived to a good age.

Murillo died in his 66th year, and would probably have lived longer, had not his death been hastened by a fall from the scaffolding, whilst painting in the Franciscan convent of Cadiz. Velasquez died at the age of 61, and Zurbaran at that of 64.

The merit they possessed, is the important one of originality; the first of them, however, *Murillo*, has proved the justice of a remark of Voltaire, that he who copies best, is the best original; for, perhaps, no one imitated so many masters as Murillo, and yet, no one can mistake his style for that of any other painter. We have his imitations of Herrera, of Titian in his portraits, of Guido in his Magdalens, of Velasquez in his beggar-boys and fancy subjects, of Zurbaran in his saints; yet he shines out in all as peculiarly Murillo, and it seems as if he imitated others, only to surpass them. His animals are admirably drawn, but he never appears to have loved landscape painting. His sea views are of extreme rarity, and are spirited, but inferior to those of the High Dutch school.

This was not the case with *Velasquez*, who was, perhaps, the most universal genius we have known. He could paint animals, landscapes (the knowledge, of which, he had, probably, acquired from Herrera el Viejo, his master), the sea, and fancy subjects, and historical pieces, with equal ease. In vigour and versatility of genius, he equalled Rubens, and drew largely from him. A residence in Italy, did not, however, induce him to change his style, and the works of his later years, differ little from those of an earlier period, save in a little less attention to the minute parts of drawing, and a greater endeavour at effect. No painter managed light better. The aerial perspective of the surrender of Breda, and the picture of the artist himself working for Philip IV., and surrounded by his family, is not exceeded by De Hooze, Rembrandt, or the most skilful Dutchman; yet he had not the grace or tenderness of Murillo; he surprises, but does not woo us into admiration. Much of his time was unfortunately lost in attending on Philip IV., who invested him with the office of chamberlain at court, and the last public act of his life, was that of accompanying the Infanta Maria Theresa to Irun, on her marriage with Louis XIV. of France. The wife of Velasquez only survived her husband seven days.

* For notices of other masters of the Spanish school, vide No. 303 of the Mirror.

The life of *Zurbaran* presents us with one of the numberless histories of men, who, born in situations apparently unpropitious for the development of talent, have, nevertheless, attained to the highest glory in their profession. He was the son of a country proprietor, and any who are acquainted with the state of that class in Spain (bad as it is now, it was worse then) will consider the eminence to which he advanced, as almost a work of magic. He was born a painter, and his early efforts attracted so much notice, that his parents sent him to Seville to study under Rodelas. Before attaining the age of thirty, he had completed the chapel of St. Peter, in the cathedral, and the famous altar-piece for the collegiate church of St. Thomas Aquinas, the latter of which, is considered his master-piece. The paintings of the Carthuja, at Xeres, were executed in his 35th year. Neither Murillo nor Zurbaran ever left Spain, and yet their notions of the art are strikingly opposed. Zurbaran copied nobody, Murillo everybody; the first was satisfied to spend days over a white mantle fixed on a model, and occupy himself on a single figure; Murillo was grouping, and varying, and catching at every new form and expression, trusting to his own genius to improve upon nature. Zurbaran threw a strong contrast of light and darkness on the principal figure in the first term, and went no further. Murillo aimed at and succeeded in conveying aerial perspective to the furthest distance in the sky, and sought to make his outlines melt into the air. Two paintings for the Geronomite convent of Bournos, by Zurbaran, one of which is in my possession, had the outlines of the figures marked on the plain side of the canvas, so hard and inflexible was the system of the painter. Both were fine colourists, and both true to nature, but Murillo toned down his pictures by glazing, and Zurbaran passed a wash over the strong blue and white he employed, and detached the figures by painting the distances lightly. In point of composition, Zurbaran was inferior to Murillo or Velasquez—an observation which the reader may readily verify, by turning to the "Bavaria Sacra," with the plates of Sadelen (wrongly quoted in my *Notices of the Northern Capitals*, as "Batavia Rediviva"), where he will find the subjects of many of the pictures of the two first masters, and particularly that of St. Isabel washing the child afflicted with the Scurvy, by Murillo. According to my own taste, the order of precedence I should give to these three great painters, is as I have placed them in the text; others, however, and particularly the French, reverse the order, and quote Zurbaran, Velasquez, and Murillo. Indeed, in England, and at Madrid, Velasquez is generally put before either Murillo or Zurbaran.—From *Standish's Seville and its Vicinity*.—1840.

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Public Journals.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. NO. CCXCIX.
September, 1840.

[THE memory of Gilbert White has long hal-
lowed the spot on which "the days of the years
of his pilgrimage" were holily passed; and no
traveller to Selborne but is filled with chaste
delight on visiting the haunts of the reverend
philosopher. Blackwood has a most pleasing
paper this month upon the subject, entitled
"A Visit to Selborne," thoroughly imbued with
good and gentle sentiments.]

Harmony of Soul.

I know not how, sitting on a stile, calmly
gazing upon a quiet little village, and listening
to the murmuring of an insignificant brook, in
the twilight of an April evening, can fill the
heart of man even to overflowing with a soft
and balmy dreaminess—a gentle ecstacy—a
passive pleasure, which one cannot refer to any
exercise of the imagination, for the imagina-
tion is not at work—nor to reflection, for in
such cases there is no turning of the mind in-
ward upon itself. Whether it is the realiza-
tion of the dreams of our fancy in the contem-
plation of a spot whose ideal picture long had
occupied our mind, or whether some long-for-
gotten remembrance of the scenes—scenes,
perchance, like this—of our early boyhood, or
of our youthful loves, comes welling up in the
breast, filling the eyes with not unpleasurable
tears; or whether, which is, perhaps, as likely
as anything else, in the beholding a place
where peace itself might dwell, the peace of
nature descends like dew, and fills the heart
of the beholder with that peace which the
world cannot give. The analysis of these de-
licious sensations I leave to the masters of the
human heart, Sterne or Mackenzie. It is suf-
ficient for me to be enabled to enjoy them.

Venerable Oak at the Plestor.

In the centre of the village (Selborne) and
near the church, is a square piece of ground,
surrounded by houses, and vulgarly called the
Plestor. In the midst of this spot stood, in
old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body,
and huge horizontal arms, extending almost
to the extremity of the area. This venerable
tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats
above them, was the delight of old and young,
and a place of much resort in summer evenings;
where the former sat in grave debate, while
the latter frolicked and danced before them.
Long might it have stood, had not the amazing
tempest of 1703 overturned it at once, to the
infinite regret of the inhabitants and the vicar,
who bestowed several pounds, in setting it in
its place again, but all his care could not avail;
the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and
died.

One can readily conceive the "infinite re-
gret" of the inhabitants at its destruction.
Their fathers had many a time and oft, sported
round its bulging root, as did their children
yesternight; and for their children's children

did they still expect it would have spread its
hospitable shade. It was a brave old oak—a
link connecting time past with time to come—
generation with generation. It was to them
an old familiar friend—associated with the
sports of their youth; for they gambolled be-
neath its spreading boughs—with the loves of
their manhood—with the garrulities of age—
nay, with their very griefs; for the ashes of
their fathers rest awhile beneath its shade ere
they finally repose in peace beneath the undis-
tinguished turf.

Sanctified Spots.

Of the hermitage wherein Gilbert White
often studied and contemplated nothing re-
mains but the site. There is, it appears to
me, a degree of criminality in the neglect that
suffers anything that has been sanctified by
genius to be lost or forgotten. It is not merely
an injustice to the memory of the man, who
makes classic the very ground whereon he
treads, but it is a sad privation to those who
hold in veneration the place he inhabited, and
the haunts of his footsteps; where one lingers
fondly and long, as if to catch from the inspi-
ration of the place something of the inspira-
tion of the man who gave to the place much
of its interest, much of its beauty, and when
we consider how greatly natural beauty is as-
sisted by association; when we reflect that the
pleasure we derive from the contemplation of
magnificent scenery, is as nothing where no-
thing of genius is associated; and that no
place is tame, no place barren, no place un-
lovely, that genius has consecrated to fame;
we cannot help feeling an indignant sorrow
that the spot which genius loved to inhabit
should be suffered to be forgotten, or the print
of his footsteps to be effaced from the earth.
The bleak and naked waste, enriched by clas-
sical associations, has more attraction for us
than the exuberant prairie of the desert—the
stream by whose banks the poet sat and sang,
flows to a music sweeter than its own, and the
valleys and hills, peopled with the embodi-
died "creations of fancy," live in remembrance
and look green in song. These associations
make the best riches, the true glory of a na-
tion—robe nature in a perpetual spring; they
give to barrenness fertility and beauty; they
endear to us our country, and, by fostering the
growth of national pride—that vanity which
is akin to virtue—nerve the soul to deeds of
noble daring, and stimulate us to study to be
thought worthy of the classic soil we boast to
call our own. Therefore, I say again, let no
haunt of genius be desecrated by neglect or
injury; let every memorial of its whereabouts
be studiously and lovingly preserved and che-
rished, till time and memory shall be no more.

Selborne seen from afar.

The prospect of the village from the Hanger
is surpassingly beautiful. It is a picture, and
that picture the picture of peace. The cot-
tages surrounded each by its shrubby enclo-

sure—some built of yellow stone—some of red brick—others of lath and plaster—but all of picturesque and fanciful forms; the intervening trees shading and softening down the tone of the landscape; the unpretending, though tasteful tower of the venerable church; the shadowy contemporary yew, that for so many centuries has borne the old church tower company; the surrounding habitations of the silent dead; the modest vicarage, with its magnificent hedge or rather, wall of yew; the moss-grown and, alas! neglected garden of Gilbert White, where delighted to disport Timothy the tortoise, and where, at this moment, you may see the blackbirds hopping familiarly about the walks; the vale winding on towards Oakhanger, parted in the centre by a strip of brighter green, where runs concealed the babbling little brook; the pale peat-reek, or, rather, vapour, ascending from the cottage-chimneys, hardly dimming, where it rises, the lucid transparency of the air. Our stroll was delightful, and we returned by moonlight, serenaded by the nightingale, to our inn, when we retired to rest after a day of unmixed pleasure; in which, despite the length of our excursion, fatigue had no share, full of thankful gratitude to that great Being, who has, in His measureless goodness, poured out into the lap of nature, so much of luxury for the mind of meditative man, and made medicine for the wounded spirit in the groves, and hills, and fields, and harmony of universal nature.

Grave of Gilbert White.

From the place where White drew his first breath, and where, with short and unfrequent interruptions, he spent a long and happy life, a few paces brought us to his grave.

He lies undistinguished in the village church-yard. There are, in the south side of the chancel, five lowly tenements of the dead, the fifth from the chancel is that of Gilbert White; his grave is, like his life, lowly and peaceful. I was glad that he was laid here; nor could I help thinking that the grass was more green, and the moss more richly verdant on that grave. He lies tranquilly, in the lap of his mother earth; and, even in death, within the influences of that nature, he, living, loved so well. He lies nobly—the world is his tomb, the heavens his canopy, the dew of evening scatters with diamonds the spot where his ashes repose, his requiem is chanted by the warbling choristers of spring, and starry lamps that never die illumine his sepulchre.

The Writer's Peroration.

Our pilgrimage was done—we had traversed the classic ground of the philosopher, we had wandered in his footsteps, and we had calmed and soothed our spirits into tranquility in the contemplation of his peaceful grave.

Why did we come here—why leave our homes and families to wander over spots which make no part of our world, which have no connexion with our hopes, or fears, or in-

terests or prejudices, or passions? Why did we come here?

I will answer for myself that I came here to pay my humble homage to a peaceful spirit—a meek possessor of the earth—a man without gall or bitterness in his nature, one who gained fame without making an enemy, and bequeathed to posterity a reputation as unenvied as extensive.

Appreciate him as a naturalist I cannot, for I am not qualified. No one save an observer of nature can sufficiently appreciate the fidelity of his descriptions, the accuracy of his observations, the clear lucidity of his delineations of natural phenomena;—but I can sufficiently appreciate the *man*—the ease, grace, and simplicity of his style have an indescribable charm for the general reader; the holiness of his pursuit; his unaffected, serene, and cheerful piety; the tendency of every line he wrote to advance the interests of religion, humanity, and goodness; the tranquilizing influence of his writings on the mind of man.

Surely if the memory of the illustrious dead is to derive honour from a pilgrimage to the scenes he has familiarized to every one—and what fitter homage can the illustrious dead receive?—you will forgive me, reader, that I stole from business, and turbulence, and care, the few tranquil hours I dissipated in my pilgrimage to happy, peaceful, and classic Selborne.

THE CHEMIST. NO. IX. September, 1840.

[London: Hastings.]

[THIS journal, similar in shape and management to the *Lancet*, makes this month its ninth advance in public favour, of which it is every way worthy. Among others it contains a very able paper "On the Chemistry of Mountains," which for the present is deferred, while we proceed to condense from it an equally important article on the

ADULTERATION OF BREAD,

BY CHARLES WATT.]

That the adulteration of bread is carried on in the metropolis and other large towns to a most serious extent cannot, for one moment, be doubted; indeed, the circumstance that there are, in the branch of business which manufactures this chief commodity of life—which, if deficient, admits of no substitute—two distinct classes of tradesmen, viz:—one called "full-priced bakers," from their selling bread at the regular trade price, and the other "cheap," or "low-priced," from their selling it at a lower rate—naturally leads to such an inference. When we consider the fact, which is well known, that the difference in price varies to the extent of two-pence, or more, in the four-pound loaf, we can come to no other conclusion than that this vast difference, namely, one-fourth, can proceed from no other cause than the most extensive and culpable adulteration.

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In order to satisfy public anxiety on this subject, it has often been submitted to attentive and close inquiry, and the answers received from these "low-priced" bakers, are universally, "that the reduction is dependent on their keeping no men to carry out the bread," while the replies from the high-priced bakers are, that they use the best flour, and that those who sell cheaper must do otherwise."

That the trifling amount of wages thus saved can make up for so serious a difference in price as exists, is by far too ridiculous to be for an instant admitted.

It must be observed, however, that the adulteration of bread is by no means confined to the "low-priced" bakers, for it may be policy for the "full-priced" dealers to keep up the face of high prices, in order to check suspicion; there being many who think nothing good unless it is dear.

Any one may, with a very little trouble, be satisfied that there are very serious mal-practices carried on with regard to the manufacture of bread, if he but take the pains to examine that purchased at different shops.

At some of the more respectable houses at the west end of the town, from which the higher classes are supplied, the bread is of a fine whiteness, is exceedingly light, and the crust is not hard and dry; while at those houses where there is a crowded and poor population, it is of a very dark colour, is heavy, and the crust has a hard and compact appearance, which latter circumstance arises entirely from the quantity of inferior flour, and the admixture of a large quantity of potatoes.

The adulterations of bread are of two kinds, noxious and innocuous; the noxious are such as may by repeated action become injurious; these are alum, sulphate of copper and zinc, chalk, plaster of Paris (sulphate of lime), and bone dust.

With the observations of Dr. Ure, in his valuable work on the arts, "that it is a very serious thing for a lady or gentleman of sedentary habits or infirm constitution, to have their digestive powers daily vitiated by damaged flour, whitened with 197 grains of alum per quarter loaf; acidity of stomach, flatulence, headaches, palpitation, costiveness, and urinary calculi, being perhaps the probable consequences of the habitual introduction of so much acidulous and acescent matter,"—we entirely agree.

Alum may be detected in bread by treating the latter with distilled water, filtering the liquor thus obtained, first through calico, and then through blotting-paper, till it is quite clear, then dividing it into two equal portions, into one of which is to be poured a few drops of nitrate or muriate of baryta, and into the other a few drops of liquid ammonia.

Chalk, plaster of Paris, or bone dust may be detected by incineration of the bread containing them, and treating the ashes with nitric acid, which will dissolve the chalk with effe-

vescence, and the plaster of Paris and bone-dust without. In each of these cases the lime may be rendered evident in the solution, either by oxalic acid, or, in preference, by oxalate of ammonia.

The innocuous adulterations are chiefly inferior flour, rye flour, and also that of beans, peas, and potatoes, substances which, as possessing less fecula than wheaten flour, are very inferior in their nutritive properties, and, therefore, their introduction into bread is a fraud on the public, which requires the strictest vigilance to prevent, and should be punished by the highest penalties when detected.

As any adulterations of this kind can be discovered in the flour only before it is made into bread, Dr. Ure very properly observes, that "every baker ought to be able to analyse his own flour."

In the mills near London, no less than seven different kinds of flour are ground out of one quantity of wheat.

These are, for one quarter:—

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|----------|
| Fine flour | 5 bushels | 3 pecks. |
| Seconds | 0 | 2 |
| Fine middlings | 0 | 1 |
| Coarse middlings | 0 | 0.5 |
| Bran | 3 | 0 |
| Twenty-penny | 3 | 0 |
| Pollard | 2 | 0 |
| | 14 | 2.5 |

But it is, however, a sad thing to say, that the flour often comes into the baker's possession in a genuine state, and undergoes, while in his hands, a most serious amount of adulteration. In this important article of consumption, and, likewise, in other trades, adulterations are carried on to an alarming extent, and with perfect impunity. A board of commissioners ought to be appointed to examine the various articles of life, such as food, medicines, important articles of commerce, &c.; to condemn every bad article, and to fine those who thus violate the just laws and every duty to humanity.

Bread—the most important of all articles of life to us all—the chief support of the poor—it is worse than wicked to adulterate.

PORTICOES OF LONDON.

(Abridged from the *Civil Engineers' and Architects' Journal*, No. 36.)

A GLANCE at the porticoes which adorn our metropolis, may afford pleasure and instruction. They divide themselves into two classes: those which were erected at the period of the introduction of fine art into this country from Italy, and those which have been more recently built, and subsequently to the revival of the Greek taste.

St. Martin's Portico stands foremost amongst those which court attention, from its size, as well as from its merits. Its co-

lums are massy and finely proportioned; the capitals bold, and finely sculptured; and the detail evinces taste and study on the part of the architect. This portico recommends itself moreover, by its great projection from the face of the building, a requisite which should ever be a *sine quâ non* in the composition of this architectural feature.

The inhospitable iron-railing, however, inserted between the columns, quite curtails the utility of the portico, inasmuch, as the multitude, who daily pass to and fro in that neighbourhood, are debarred the shelter which it would otherwise afford them from the inclemency of the weather.* The feeling which keeps up such barriers, is not a charitable one.

Vere-street Chapel has a little portico, which, till lately, was both an object of utility, as well as of ornament, to its immediate neighbourhood: it offered, moreover, the additional attraction of plants and flowers, which a poor man used to sell, ranging his vases between the columns; the portico, thus adorned, became really a pleasing sight—it imparted cheerfulness to that portion of the street, which is itself, quiet and retired; and offered a spectacle quite refreshing to the eye; besides the mind's eye being gratified by this picture of the church *sheltering*—not encouraging poverty. The charm has, however, been sacrificed, and the plants and their vendor have been driven from their sacred asylum, and, as a substitute, the inhabitants of that quarter, gaze upon an uncouth iron-railing, which encloses portico, steps, and all, giving to that which looked free and inviting, an imprisoned appearance.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden, has a portico of very striking character, and the condemnatory terms, even of a Quatremère de Quincy, avail not in shaking our admiration of a work so very characteristic of the bold genius of its author. The propriety of applying so plain an order as the Tuscan, to a building of so exalted a character as a place of public worship, may admit of doubt, but, that the effect of this portico is truly admirable, no unprejudiced person will deny.

This portico appears to great advantage when seen in conjunction with the crowds which assemble about it at the time of an election in the market-place; its grave and solemn aspect sheds an additional interest over the important scene—the whole realizing, to the painter's eye, and patriot's heart, a soul-enrancing picture.

The East India House has a portico, which displays a new era in taste—the refinements

* It is possibly, very true, that at the time at which this railing was so placed, the neighbourhood of St. Martin's offered a very different scene from that which we now behold: and that, without some such defence, the portico would have been exposed to injury, from the barbarous propensities of the rude frequenters of that quarter; but circumstances have changed, and the reason for the defence having vanished, the defence itself might also disappear.

of Greek feeling; though having but little depth, it presents rather a graceful architectural frontispiece, than a portico. It was impossible to comment upon any portion of the East India House, without speaking in praise of the little Doric portico at the east front; though small, this work is full of attraction—abounding in grace, delicacy, and much energy of character.

The Mansion House has a Corinthian portico, raised upon a basement of rusticated piers and arches, and is pronounced by some, to produce a very inharmonious effect; the latter features being of too ordinary a character to suit the grace and dignity of the Corinthian order.

St. George's, Hanover Square, has a portico, in which the Corinthian order has been well attended to, and much vigour is produced by the columns being closely placed—the centre opening is wider than the rest, which is very admissible.

St. George's, Bloomsbury, has something very noble about its portico—the order is boldly treated, and the deep tone of shadow obtained by the great projection from the line of wall, gives to the front columns, a fine relief.

These porticoes, and others which adorn our metropolis, possess very great merits, and it is cheering to reflect, that they display originality of thought, and are modified by circumstances peculiar to the buildings to which they attach; thus, they afford us valuable lessons.

The following remark from the late Mr. Thomas Hope, respecting porticoes, is excellent. Touching the important requisite *depth*, that author says, "a portico, thus constructed, becomes, in the first place, an object of real utility: it fulfils its apparent destination, that of affording shelter to the pedestrian, and screening the inhabitant, waiting for the hour of prayer, from the inclemency of the weather; it becomes, in the second place, a means of infinite beauty, and gives, at once, to the individual columns, more relief, more distinctness, and consequently, more effect, through the deep shade it throws upon the wall behind; and to the entire façade, more motion, more picturesqueness, and more dignity."

HANDEL.

THREE of the greatest composers since his time, have acknowledged him the greatest of musicians, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

Haydn, at the commemoration at Westminster Abbey, said, "Surely this man is the father of us all!"

Mozart's words are much in the same tone.

Beethoven's expression is the sublime of homage,—*"I could kneel to his tomb,"* said he.

The Art Ages
[Colours]

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Such a could not display, at his chiefes that the b it is well

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Perhap deently w sent by so like those sent to th which alon offerings, England, for the hi embroider regal purp dious stor cause so the *Opus* desired to ments of much adm pope, aski being told several En procure si Or it mi the skill women. Gregory a

New Books.

The Art of Needle-work from the Earliest Ages. Edited by the Countess of Wilton. [Colburn, 1840.]

[Long ages, indeed, hath the "rosy-fingered" hand of womankind done wonders with the fine-acuted needle—sometimes achieving works remarkable for their gorgeous beauty, but at all times eminent for their usefulness. No idle "lilies of the field" are they, finding no occupation for toiling or spinning, for from Eve to Miss Linwood their labour has been without stop. No man or woman child has entered the world, during that long lapse of centuries, but has been furnished by her assiduous hands with cradle-clothes, marriage-clothes, and, even grave-clothes, all calling for her charitable manipulations and needle-work. Blessings be upon the hands that "clothe the naked," from life's entrance to its exit.

Such a subject, then, as this invaluable art, could not but afford opportunities for rich display, and a fair pen has here put to record its chiefest glories and achievements. Saving that the book is in parts somewhat episodal, it is well written.

The finest specimens of the art appear to have been those worked by the nunneries, and for the service of the church; and from the chapter on "The Needle-work of the Middle Ages," we condense much entertaining information.]

NEEDLEWORK OF THE CHURCHES.

Perhaps the work was a brodered scarf for some spiritual father, a testimony of gratitude and esteem from the convent at large; perhaps it was a tunic or a girdle which some high and wealthy lady had bespoken for an offering, and which the meek and pious sisterhood were happy to do for hire, bestowing the proceeds on the necessities of the convent, or, if these were provided, on charity.

Perhaps it was a pair of sandals, so magnificently wrought, as to be destined as a present by some lofty abbot, to the pope himself, like those which Robert, Abbot of St. Albans, sent to the pope, Adrian the Fourth, and which alone, out of a multitude of the richest offerings, the pope retained; or if it were in England, it might be a magnificent covering for the high altar, with a scripture history embroidered in the centre, and the border of regal purple, inwrought with gold and precious stones. We say, if in England, because so celebrated was the English work, the *Opus Anglicum*, that other nations eagerly desired to possess it. The embroidered vestments of some English clergymen were so much admired at the Papal Court, that the pope, asking where they had been made, and being told "in England," despatched bulls to several English abbots, commanding them to procure similar ones for him.

Or it might be a magnificent pall, that taxed the skill and patience of the fair needlewomen. It was about A. D. 601, that Pope Gregory sent two archbishop's palls into

England; the one for London, and the other to York.

The accounts of the rich embroidered ecclesiastical vestments, robes, sandals, girdles, tunics, vests, palls, cloaks, altar-cloths, and veils or hangings of various descriptions, common in churches in the dark ages, would almost surpass belief, if the minuteness with which they are enumerated in some few ancient authors did not attest the fact. The cost of many of these garments was enormous, for pearls and precious jewels were literally inwrought, and the time and labour bestowed on them was incredible. It was no uncommon circumstance for three years to be spent even by these assiduous and indefatigable votaries of the needle, on one garment.

Pope Eutychianus, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, buried, in different places, 342 martyrs with his own hands; and he ordained that a faithful martyr should, on no account, be interred without a dalmatic robe or a purple colobio. This is, perhaps, one of the earliest notices of ecclesiastical pomp or pride in vestments.

Pope Sylvester, some forty years afterwards, was invested by the hands of his attendants with a Phrygian robe of snowy white, on which was traced, by busy female hands, the resurrection of our Lord, and so magnificent was this garment considered, that it was ordained to be worn by his successors on state occasions.

Leo the Third, a magnificent benefactor of the church, amongst various other vestments, gave to the high altar of the blessed Peter, the prince of the apostles, a covering spangled with gold (chrysoclabam) and adorned with precious stones, having the histories both of our Saviour giving to the blessed apostle Peter the power of binding and loosing, and also representing the suffering of Peter and of Paul. It was of great size, and exhibited on St. Peter's and St. Paul's days.

Pope Paschal, early in the ninth century, had some magnificent garments wrought, which he presented to different churches. One of these was an altar-cloth of Tyrian purple, having in the middle a picture of golden emblems, with the countenance of our Lord, and of the blessed martyrs, Cosman and Damian, with three other brothers. The cross was wrought in gold, and had round it a border of olive-leaves most beautifully worked. Another had golden emblems, with our Saviour, surrounded with archangels and apostles, of wonderful beauty and richness, being ornamented with pearls. This pope had also a robe worked with gold and gems, having the history of the Virgins, with lighted torches, beautifully recorded; he had another of Byzantine scarlet, with a worked border of olive leaves: "also another rich and peculiar gar-

* This was a very usual decoration of ecclesiastical robes, and a very suitable one; for from the time when in the bush of Noah's dove, it was first an emblem of comfort, it has ever, in all ages, in all nations, at all times, been symbolical of plenty and peace.

ment, entirely indebted to the needlewoman for its varied and radiant hues. This was a robe of amber-colour, having peacocks.

Many of these garments were peculiar for their embroidery of birds:—

Pope Leo the Fourth had a hanging worked with the needle, having the portrait of a man seated on a peacock.

Pope Stefano the Fifth had four magnificent hangings for the great altar, one of which was wrought in peacocks.

Lytlington, Abbot of Croyland, in Edward the Fourth's time, gave to his church nine copes of gold, exquisitely feathered. This was most likely embroidered imitation.

Cnut the Great presented to the same abbey, a vestment made of silk, embroidered with eagles of gold.

Richard Upton, Abbot of Croyland, in 1417, gave silk, embroidered with falcons, for copes, and about the same time,

John Freston gave a rich robe of Venetian blue, embroidered with golden eagles.

Gifts of these works—chiefly executed by ladies of the highest rank and greatest piety—were frequently devoted to the embellishment of the church, or the decoration of its ministers, and oftentimes they were bequeathed by will:—

"I give," said the wife of the Conqueror in her will, "to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, my tunic, worked at Winchester, by Alderet's wife, and the mantle embroidered with gold, which is in my chamber, to make a cope. Of my two golden girdles, I give that which is ornamented with emblems, for the purpose of suspending the lamp before the great altar."*

Isabella, Queen of Edward II., sent, among some costly presents to the Pope, a magnificent cope, embroidered and studded with large white pearls, and purchased of the executors of Catherine Lincoln, for a sum equivalent to between two and three thousand pounds of present money. Another cope, thought worthy to accompany it, was also the work of an Englishwoman, Rose de Bureford, wife of John de Bureford, citizen and merchant of London.

St. Dunstan, who excelled in many pursuits, and especially in painting, on one occasion, at the earnest request of a lady, tinted a sacerdotal vestment for her, which she afterwards embroidered in gold thread, in an exquisitely beautiful style.†

Edgitha, Queen of Edward the Confessor, sumptuously embroidered with her own hands,

* The name of Dame Leviet has descended to posterity as an embroiderer to the Conqueror and his queen.

† Most of these embroidered works were first tinted, very probably in the way in which they are now, or until the freer influx of the more beautiful German patterns, they lately were: and it is from this previous tinting that they are so frequently described in the old books as *painted garments*, *pictured vestments*, &c.; this term by no means seeming usually to imply that the use of the needle had been neglected or superseded in them.

the garments which he wore on occasions of great solemnity.

It is not to be supposed, that at a time when the "whole island" was said to "blossom" with devotion, and when, moreover, her own fair daughters surpassed the whole world in needle-work, that the English churches were deficient in its beautiful adornments. Far otherwise, indeed. We forbear to enumerate many, because our chapter has exceeded its prescribed limits; but we may particularise the following:—

A golden Veil, or Hanging, (vellum,) embroidered with the destruction of Troy, which Witlaf, King of Mercia, gave to the abbey of Croyland.

The Coronation Mantle of Harold Harfoot, son of Cnut, which he gave to the same abbey, made of silk, and embroidered with "Heptarian apples."

A Suit of Hangings, which contained the whole history of the primitive martyr of England, Allan, presented to his monastery by Richard, abbot of St. Albans, from 1088 to 1119.

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SUBMARINE FOREST.

We have been favoured with an inspection of several specimens of the fossil remains of this forest. It lies on the sea coast below Sathorne, or Owthorne, and extends along the shore for some hundred yards, and, probably, a considerable way below the low-water mark into the sea. The most prominent portion now visible, is to the north of the ancient site of Owthorne Church, supposed to have been built early in the thirteenth century. Whether the ground on which this forest once stood, has experienced the change which has taken place, through the agency of a convulsion of nature, or from the mere gradual encroachment of the sea, does not appear from any documentary testimony—we think from the last, the cliff above it being remembered by old inhabitants, to have been much nearer the fossil remains than it now is, and must have been part of the mainland on which the forest stood. These remains consist of the beech and oak, most of them in a carbonized state, and crumbling to pieces on any force being applied to them. A few months ago, the vertebrae and antlers of a stag were found, which are now in the possession of the Rev. C. Sykes, of Roosa. The trunks and boles of many of the trees now visible, are from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, and from three to four feet above the surface, inclining in different directions, from a horizontal position at an angle of about thirty degrees. The arms and branches are prostrate, and partially embedded in the sand of the shore. The best time for a survey, is the second and third day after the full and change of the moon, when the tides then ebb and flow the lowest.—*Illustrated Paper.*

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ASCENDANCY IN THE WORLD.

"Some," as Malvolio says, "are born great; some make themselves great, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Most of those who arrive at any distinction in the world, are favoured more or less by all three of these circumstances; but the main point is, to have the ability to become great, through your own endeavours.

A man may force circumstances, but circumstances cannot force a man into greatness. He must have the stamina in himself, or he never can be eminent.

Circumstances operate in various ways, for the advancement of gifted individuals.

Some are drawn up by friends.

Some are kicked up by enemies.

The latter generally fare better in the end; for enmity is a thing more to be depended on than friendship.

Friendship often withdraws his arm when you stand most in need of his services; but

Enmity will continue to kick as long as the mark is within his reach.

The secret of rising to be ascendant in the world, is to know how to make use of both friends and enemies.

PULLA FISHERY ON THE INDUS.

Up the river, we first saw the pulla fishery on the 'Indus'; a piscatory pursuit which more nearly reduces the human form divine into an aquatic beast of prey than Izaak Walton, or any disciple of the "gentle craft" could have contemplated by the silver Thames. A large, light, and thin earthen vessel, of the strong and unequalled pottery of the Indus' clay, so thoroughly baked, forms the fisherman's float: it is fully four feet in diameter, and about thirty inches high; of a very flattened form, and exceedingly buoyant. On this, the fisherman balances himself on his stomach: covering the short neck and small aperture at top, and launching himself forth on the current, paddles with his legs behind, to steer his course, drifting with the stream, and holding his pouch-net open to receive the prey; which, when caught, he deposits in his reservoir, the vessel he floats on. The pulla is an oily fish, of a very strong potted-lobster flavour, and greatly admired by our gourmards; but it is, unfortunately, most detestably bony, and that to a degree, which renders it scarcely safe for an unwarned and hungry traveller to venture on it. We were divided in our opinion of the flavour; some pronounced it a resemblance to salmon, others to mackerel or potted-lobster: my recollection of Edinburgh caller-herrings was revived, and the well-experienced in fresh herrings agreed with me; but the pulla is intensely stronger. The fish we saw, averaged twenty inches in length, and might weigh a pound and a half, or nearly two pounds: the shoals are migratory, and ascend the river as far as Bukka, betwixt January and April. The natives imagine that they travel thither on a religious pilgrimage to the shrine of Ka-

jun Kiar; and gravely assure us, that, on attaining and swimming round the holy islet and shrine of the saint, they followed our St. James's court etiquette, where no courtier's back can possibly be turned upon sacred royalty, and that the poor pilgrim fishes never presented their tails towards the hallowed Kuddum zah (footstep-place) of the saint till fairly round, and back again past the islet.—*Kennedy's Campaign of the Army of the Indus.*

ANTI-SEPTIC PROPERTIES OF AN IRISH BOG.

On the 21st of last August, the body of a female was found in Balliknard bog, county of Donegal: it was proved to have been that of Betty Thompson, who was murdered in May, 1811; her throat being cut in a frightful manner; the body was in a state of the finest preservation, the flesh not in the least decayed or shrivelled, but perfectly firm, and free from all unpleasant smell; and it was really astonishing to see a human body, for thirty years inhumed in a bog, with the lineaments apparently perfect and unchanged as the day the unfortunate creature was murdered: and the clothes of the deceased were uninjured by time. Even the small-pox, with which she was slightly marked, was clearly discernible. The figure was finely proportioned, and the limbs perfectly elastic, and most exquisitely formed, with beautiful dark hair flowing down the neck, as if veiling from the eye of nature, the horrid deed of an unnatural assassin.

ENVIRONS OF

THE METROPOLIS, IN MDXCIII.

NORDEN, in his *Historical and Chorographical Description of Middlesex*, 4to., Lond., 1593; thus writes of

PANCRAZ:—

"And although this place be, as it were, forsaken of all, and true men seldom frequent the same but upon devyne occasions, yet is it visited and usually haunted of roages, vagabondes, harlettes, and theeves, who assemble not ther to pray, but to wayte for preye, and manie fall into their hands clothed, that are glad when they escaped naked. Walke not ther too late."*

The same indefatigable topographer, after enumerating the names of *Brydges of most use in Myddlesex*, makes the following mention:—

"KINGESBRIDGE,

Comonly called Stonebridge, nere Hyde parke corner, wher I wish noe true man to walke too late without good garde, unless he can make his partie good, as did St. H. Knyvet, knight, who valiantly defended himselfe, ther being assaltd, and slwe the master theefe with his own handes."†

* Do Foo, in his diverting History of Col. Jack, [1793] makes the immediate vicinity of Pancra church the scene of one of those fictitious highwayman's robberies.

† Doubtless, the cause of that locality being afterwards called "Knight's-bridge."

FALLING STARS.

Two pupils at the Observatory at Paris carefully watched the number of meteors during the nights of the 9th and 10th of August. Until midnight the number did not exceed 18 per hour, or nearly a mean of what are observed on ordinary nights; but at three o'clock M. Mauvais counted 35 in one hour. The greater proportion fell almost parallel to the milky way, which at this time extended from the zenith towards the west, a little inclined to the south.

The Gatherer.

The celebrated Professor Müller, of Göttingen, died at Athens, August 1st, last, having been taken ill some days before, at Delphi, where he had made an excavation along the polygonal wall, which supported the basement of the great temple, by which he discovered a number of new and long inscriptions. He likewise discovered some subterranean chambers under the site of the temple.

Love and Marriage.—The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wedlock, of gold, lasting as well as beautiful.

Auroch Horns.—A pair of these enormous horns, held to be of the primitive bull, have been found in the river Seille, near Tournon, by some fishermen. Though broken at the tips, they are three-quarters of a yard long, and five inches in diameter at the base. This animal, on account of its size, was surnamed the elephant of the Gauls. The Auroch, according to ancient chronicles, was the most terrible of all the beasts against which the Gaulmen, desirous of perils, had to exercise their courage.

Education.—That we write and talk so much about education, only proves that we feel our deficiency in it. It is only lost things that are cried in the streets.

Dr. Rüppell, in his late journey in Abyssinia, was not a little astonished at the size of the grapes brought to the market of Bada, and at their cheapness, about ten pound's weight of them being given for a piece of salt, or two hundred and a half for a dollar.

Epigram.

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To spend, and to lend, and to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for our own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

J. BROMFIELD.

Present to Louis Philippe.—The four Andalusian horses which the Infant Francisco has sent to Louis Philippe, crossed Marseilles on the 17th ult. These beautiful animals, dappled with red, unite in themselves all the grace and activity of the Arabian race from which they draw their origin. They at present rest, to recover their freshness after travel, and then proceed instantly to their destination. —*French Paper, Sept. 5.*

Love.—The honeymoon is the richly-laden, soft, dreamy autumn, of which first love was the spring.

Royal Visit to Wordsworth.—The Queen Dowager, in her late tour to the north, visited the poet Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and, welcomed by the poet at his garden-gate, partook of a repast, not of the Muses' making, but of the meats and drinks, and realities of life. Pope, on a similar occasion, declined a visit from Queen Caroline, at Twickenham, but entertained Frederick, Prince of Wales, at his own table, and nodded in sleep, it is added, when the Prince was speaking of poetry.

Status to Jacquard.—France is erecting a statue, in the great trading town of Lyons, to the memory of her distinguished citizen and benefactor, Jacquard, the inventor of the loom.

The Paris papers mention the death, at an advanced age, of Dr. Varellaud, formerly surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon, and created by him a knight of the Empire.

Grand Arsenal of Prussia.—A building of the greatest architectural beauty, and nearly two centuries old. Within, are arms for two hundred thousand men, most splendidly arranged. Specimens of the weapons used by every army in Europe, and of all kinds of fire-arms since the first invention of powder, mingled with ancient suits of armour, of which one belonged to Francis I., and with a thousand stand of French colours, won since the old revolution.

A quantity of quicksilver is in the possession of a veterinary surgeon at Oswestry, which was gathered from the breast-bone and other remains of the body of a farmer who was interred in Whittington churchyard, about thirty five years ago. The discovery was lately made whilst a grave was being dug to receive the corpse of a son of the above.—*Shrewsbury News.*

Discovery of Vinegar, or pyroligneous acid.—This has been ascribed to Glauber, but Berzelius has observed that it was used by the Egyptians in the preservation of their mummies, and supports himself by a passage from Pliny.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

Speak little, speak well, and well will be spoken again.—*Cornish Pro.*

Time.—The angel of Time, like Milton's cherubim, has six wings: two cover its coming, and two its going, and with two it flies.

Longevity.—Etienne Delametairie, born blind, lately died in the hospital at Bourges, aged 103 years and 18 days. For more than a century he was an inhabitant of a world he never saw. Like many of his darkling companions in the brute creation, he was employed for 60 years in turning a grindstone.

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